

WOMAN'S POWER



The healthy woman; strong mentally and physically, whose ambition and magnetic influence urge men to deeds of grandeur and heroism; such women are all-powerful.

Weak, sick and ailing women have little ambition; their own troubles occupy all their thoughts. They dwell upon their pains, suffer from nervousness and headaches; often are extremely melancholy, and avoid society. For thirty years

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

has been saving women from this awful condition.

Mrs. Louise Jung, of 352 Chestnut St., Detroit, Mich., writes:

"I suffered from a very severe female weakness for a long time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, restored my health. I hope it will do other women as much good as it has me."

Mrs. Emma Wheaton, of Vienna, W. Va., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was a walking shadow. My husband insisted upon my writing to you and trying Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did. It relieved all my pains and misery, and made of me a very different woman."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice.

Making It Useful.

The many blunders in statutory inscriptions recall a story of one which a worthy citizen of Glasgow was ready to perpetrate upon the city's statue to Nelson. Nothing florid was wanted, but something the merit of which should consist in its brevity and sincerity.

"Glasgow to Nelson" was the advice given by a distinguished visitor when appealed to by the local fathers.

"Aye, a very good suggestion," said one of the councillors. "And, as the town o' Nelson's close at hand, might we no' just say, Glasgow to Nelson, six miles, that so it micht' serve for a monument and milestone too?"—Dunfermline Advertiser.



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22 K. crown.....\$5.00
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These offices are modern throughout. We are able to do all work absolutely painless. Our success is due to uniform high grade work by gentlemanly operators having 10 to 15 years' experience. Vegetable Vapor, patented and used only by us for painless extraction of teeth, 50c. A binding guarantee given with all work for 10 years. Examination and consultation FREE. Lady in attendance. Eighteen offices in the United States.

Cor. Commercial and Eleventh Sts., over Dansiger store.

Gabrielle's Easter.

By OLIVE HILL.
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THERE could have been nothing fresher and more springlike than Mme. Louise's imported bonnets and hats, which had just arrived from Paris and were being unpacked amid the admiring exclamations of the employees of her establishment.

Mme. Louise was a fashionable milliner. Her models came direct from Paris, and her loyal patrons believed that the skillful fingers of her workwomen often improved upon the originals, but if you wanted bargains or if your purse was a limited one Mme. Louise's establishment was the last place to visit.

"You say I ask too much," Madame said one day to a customer, "but mademoiselle should remember it is not ze velvet nor ze ribbons nor ze plumes what make ze cost. It is ze cachet, ze style, you can find nowhere else in ze city. If mademoiselle can get dat cheap, eh bien, so much ze bettaire for her."

Among the importations which were not to be made visible to the public eye until the week before Easter was one superlatively charming hat. It was of cream point lace, with a kind of veiled suggestion of the tender green of spring verdure, and was trimmed with a drooping spray of exquisite lilies. It was a hat for a beautiful young blond.

"Ah, but la petite Rose Lambert must buy dat hat!" Madame exclaimed, clasping her hands and gazing with adoring eyes at the hat. "Vid her skin so white and rose, her eyes like ze blue sky and her smiling mouth she vill be charming!"

"Ah, yes, and her father is rich, rich," said Miss Stoll, the forewoman, "and he desires her nothing! You vill not ask less than thirty for this hat, madame?"

"Forty dollars!" Madame said decisively. "It cost me ten in Paris, and it was a bargain. Look! Real lace and ze flowers! If we make not a little profit on our confections, how vill ze business keep up? La petite Lambert vill give ze price, and she vill be ze grand advertisement for ze style. Orders vill come in from ze light and ze dark, from ze ugly and ze pretty. She vill look so lovely dat dey vill all tink it is ze hat dat makes beautiful!"

Among the workwomen who were admiring the new hat was one to whom it would have been quite as becoming as to the young lady for whom it was intended. Gabrielle de Kernion had the same rose leaf skin and wavy golden hair, though her eyes were dark gray instead of blue, and her eyebrows and lashes were nearly black. She was a beautiful girl and a De Kernion with all the stately grace of her decayed aristocratic line.

But what use had a poor working girl for aristocratic ancestry? Such questions as that many of the creoles of Louisiana have put aside in their praiseworthy efforts to make a bare living. The affairs of the De Kernions had gone from bad to worse until the last descendant of the line had gone to work for meager wages to keep herself and her widowed mother from starving.

Certainly they were quite near starvation for a long time before Mme. de Kernion could make up her mind to consent to Gabrielle seeking outside employment. The work at home would be well enough, for the girl would not be exposed to the contamination of coarse associates, but such work could not be found, and poverty is a peremptory master who does not always leave it to one to decide where he shall make



She gazed at the famous spring hat, his bread, but pushes him into strange byways to seek it.

The girl herself, knowing nothing of the loss of wealth and grandeur that her mother lamented, was fairly content with her humble lot. Her ancestors had transmitted to her a certain stateliness of figure and manner, but she was at heart a simple minded girl, doing her work conscientiously and with no higher ambition than to excel in it.

There were changes even in her monotonous life. From Monday morning until Saturday evening she was Gabrielle, a hard worked girl, whom madame scolded and Miss Stoll worried and the customers ordered to do this and that, to pull to pieces and to construct, with a complete disregard of the possibility that fingers which were flesh and blood like their own might grow weary.

But on Sundays behold Mlle. de Kernion, clad in her best, walking gracefully to church with her mother and exchanging nods, smiles and courteous greetings with the creole aristocracy of the "old quarter." Most of her friends were as poor as she, but no poverty or humble toil could impair the refinement of manner and courtly address which they had inherited, with their names, from their French ancestors.

Gabrielle cared nothing for past grandeurs and aristocratic ancestry, but she would have liked money enough to dress prettily. She had excellent taste, and that taste was at



"HOW DARE YOU ACCUSE MY DAUGHTER OF THEFT?"

fronted by her threadbare dresses and well worn gloves and shoes.

"Ah!" she said to herself as she gazed at the famous spring hat. "This lace is just like mamma's old point lace scarf which she gave me. No old lace is handsomer than that. Mine is finer and some ragged, but it looks the same. Then my friend Christine Beaupre makes lilac sprays like these. How funny! And Mme. Louise believes the hat strictly Parisian."

She smiled at herself in the mirror opposite. Gabrielle was pretty and was fully aware of the fact. And the hat was such a beauty. Several times she caught herself looking at it, and when Miss Lambert, summoned by Madame, arrived, Gabrielle, to her delight, was selected to try it on and make alterations if any were needed. Of course Miss Lambert bought the hat. When did the astute Mme. Louise fail in disposing of her "confections" according to her plans? There was a slight alteration to be made in some of the loops, which was entrusted to Gabrielle's deft fingers.

"Be sure, Madame, to send it to me Saturday," Miss Lambert said as she was leaving. "Don't allow your press of work to crowd my hat out of your mind."

"But certainly not!" Madame screamed, gestulating a vehement denial. "To forget! Ah, dat would be impossible! Mees Rose, you vill sharm all eyes on Easter day, and if ze young demoiselles would give one thousand dollar dey could not get a hat like yours in ze city. It is unique, charming, as it is ze most charming young lady in ze city who vill lend grace to it."

Miss Lambert smiled and bowed at the compliment. It was really pleasant to know that she was the owner of something not attainable by her thousand and one dear friends.

On Saturday there was such a rush of custom at Mme. Louise's that Gabrielle did not have time even to get her dinner. About noon Miss Stoll had been taken ill and was obliged to go home. It was very unfortunate, for it threw a heavier burden of duty upon the rest, who were already greatly overworked. During the rest of the day the shop was in great confusion.

"Tiens!" cried Madame in good French, just as the shop was about to be closed, and she clapped her hands to her forehead as if to restrain from wandering the few ideas her head still contained. "I believe I have lost my mind in all this uproar. Here is Mme. Ernest Lauve's bonnet, and she lives in the French quarter, miles from here! Gabrielle, it is near the Rue D., where you live. Take the bonnet to her, and then you can go home, since by that time it will be dark, and you have had no dinner."

Poor Gabrielle, exhausted and hungry, was only too glad of an errand that would release her from the shop even a few minutes earlier than the others. When she reached home after dark she was too tired even to think of Easter.

Mme. Louise bustled hither and thither, for there were many hats and bonnets to be delivered to her customers that evening.

"And Mlle. Lambert's hat!" she cried. "You must take it to her, Victoire, and tell her we were too busy to send it before."

Victoire went to get the hat. She returned after several minutes' absence with a troubled face.

"Madame, the hat is not there. Gabrielle made the alterations this afternoon. Did you not send it by her?"

"Not!" Madame cried angrily. "She took Mme. Lauve's hat. You are all crazy. You can find nothing unless it

is under your nose. Get that hat immediately! Do you hear? Immediately!"

The frightened workwoman ran here and there, pulling down boxes and ferreting in every corner of the large room.

Nine o'clock struck, and the missing hat was not found. But all agreed that Gabrielle was the last person seen with it. It was then too late to take further steps, and Madame, overfatiued and nervous, became hysterical and was borne to bed crying that her establishment was ruined, that a theft had been committed, that her customers would lose their confidence in her and that she could never face them again.

But she awakened on Easter morning with her senses restored and with a well formed resolution in her mind. Since Gabrielle was the last person seen with the hat, no doubt the careless girl had stowed it away somewhere and forgotten to mention it. She would go to the French quarter and find out from Gabrielle where the hat was. There would still be time to get it and send it to Miss Lambert before she was ready for church.

Little did Gabrielle, who was making her simple toilet and adjusting her beautiful hat on her sunny hair, dream of the fate which was descending upon her. She paused a minute when she heard a well known voice in the front room addressing her mother imperatively in French.

"I am Mme. Louise. I wish to see your daughter Gabrielle immediately."

Gabrielle hastened to the room. Madame sprang from her seat as she entered with a loud cry.

"She has the hat! Ah, you wretched thief, how did you dare do this? Did you expect to wear it and get off and not be detected? Give me my hat!"

She snatched the hat from the head of the astounded girl.

"I have a great mind to call the police and send you to jail. If it were not for the disgrace to my establishment I would do it this minute. Oh, what a bold and impudent thief!"

"She calls me a thief!" cried Gabrielle, pale, trembling and throwing her arms around her mother as if for protection. "She says I stole this hat. Mamma, you know I made it of your old lace scarf."

"Are you mad, Madame?" Mme. de Kernion said indignantly. "How dare you accuse my daughter of theft? I gave her the lace, and she made the hat."

Madame uttered a scornful laugh and cast a contemptuous glance around the poorly furnished room.

"Ah, then, you are the princess in disguise! You are lodged thus," with a sweep of the hand, "and you own costly point lace, and your daughter does me the honor to work for me and to appropriate my property. Bah! No more of this! My handsomest hat, which the girl altered, is missing. I come here. I find it on her head. I can swear to my property. If you both had your deserts you would be lodged in jail. Thank me that you are not. And, Gabrielle, never show your face in my establishment again!"

She swept away, leaving mother and daughter as much astonished as enraged.

When Madame reached home she dispatched a special messenger with the hat to Miss Lambert and heard nothing more of it that day. But early next morning she was surprised by the entrance of the young lady.

"What did you mean, Madame, by sending me two hats?" Miss Lambert asked. "And you deceived me by saying that mine was the only one in the



"GET THAT HAT IMMEDIATELY! DO YOU HEAR?"

city. They are as much alike as two peas. Miss Stoll brought me one on Saturday noon. She said she was ill and was going home, and, as she lives only a short distance from us, she was kind enough to leave my hat on her way. But, Madame, it was a shame in you to deceive me!"

Mme. Louise gasped for breath. Her explanation was not clear, but it satisfied Miss Lambert that a cruel injustice had been done to an innocent girl.

"So you were the actual thief, Madame!" she laughed. "Why, they could arrest you for robbing them. Better send the girl's hat back to her and eat a little humble pie."

The humble pie was a bitter morsel to Mme. Louise, but as Gabrielle positively refused to return to her establishment they never met again. Circumstances since then have changed for the better with Gabrielle, but to this day she remembers the humili-

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invested in a bottle of these wonderful, harmless fat reducing tablets and in 30 days you will be a normal, well-formed person again. Don't carry around your ugly bulk, your ungainly superfluous flesh. It makes you miserable, ridiculous and what is more important, it subjects you to fatal consequences. Sudden death from fatty Degeneration, Heart Disease, Kidney Trouble, Apoplexy and Muscular Rheumatism—all come from OVER-FATNESS.



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Price \$1.00 per bottle. Money back if it don't do all we claim. If your druggist does not keep it, show him this advertisement and make him get it for you, or you can send for it DIRECT to us. We pay postage and send in plain wrapper.

FREE 30 DAYS' TREATMENT IN EVERY BOTTLE.

We will send you a sample of this wonderful fat reducing remedy on receipt of 10 cents to pay for postage and packing. The sample itself may be sufficient to reduce the desired weight. Mention this paper. Desk 22, ESTHETIC CHEMICAL CO., 31 West 125th Street, New York, N. Y.

tion of that Easter morning.

"Easter hats!" I heard her say the other day. "Ah, I hate the very name of them!"

Solicitous.

Host—Have you seen the wedding gifts, old man?

Guest—No, not yet.

"Well, wait a moment. I'll get one of the detectives to escort you through."—New York Life.

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Rheumatism causes more pain and suffering than any other disease, for the reason that it is the most common of all ills, and it is certainly gratifying to sufferers to know that Chamberlain's Pain Balm will afford relief, and make rest and sleep possible. In many cases the relief from pain, which is at first temporary, has become permanent, while in old people subject to chronic rheumatism, often brought on by dampness or changes in the weather, a permanent cure cannot be expected; the relief from pain which this liniment affords is alone worth many times its cost. 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Frank Hart and Leading Druggists.

Whooping Cough.

"In February our daughter had the whooping cough. Mr. Lane of Hartland recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and said it gave his customers the best of satisfaction. We found it as he said, and can recommend it to anyone having children troubled with whooping cough," says Mrs. A. Goss, of Durand, Mich. For sale by Frank Hart and Leading Druggists.

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